Crippled on the Highway

Sid Marty

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Crippled on the Highway

The only flower for miles
is out again in December
red graffiti on a page of snow

Come, and follow the trail
wade deep, as you did at birth

and remember where this leads
from where you began, and now

look at these red letters
going smaller and smaller
in the alphabets of fate

Mercy follows a cruel trail
staggering and falling
lying down to bleed
but you won’t let it
bleed
out, so

it staggers upright, flails
through snow, brush
popping, falls, crawls
on
and
on

Trying to evade this mercy
that you carry in your hands
like a stubborn priest

with a message from a God
you don’t believe in
Alberta writer SID MARTY has published five books of nonfiction and four books of poetry, mainly on conservation and natural history themes. During his former career as a warden in the mountain national parks, before the era of wildlife overpasses, he was frequently called out to vehicle/wildlife collisions.